Religious Miscellany.

MY HOLIEST JOY.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be, But i , thy service hand and heart employ, Prepared to do thy bid ting cheerfully; Be this my highest and my holicet joy.

The Courtesies of the Poor. I have often been touched by the generosity of the poor among themselves, at times of trouble or special want. If sickthey can give! One will undertake the week's washing, one will see that the baking is done, another will come in morning and evening to "tidy up" the little rooms or lend a hand with the children. Doubtless many such deeds are done which are recorded only on high, but now and then they come under our observation as we go about among these humble brethren and Two shop-girls were recently overheard planning to share between them the work of a third who had been called home, and thus save her wages for her. "She needn't get a substitute," said one. "If we're a little spryer than usual, we can do her work and ours too. Will you agree? Let's ask Mr. Sullivan if we may."
"Yes, indeed," said the other. "Her mother's sick, poor thing! She'll need all her earnings." A family of motherless her earnings." A family of motherless children received, during an entire season, the weekly services of a kind-hearted washerwoman. Time was money to this woman, for her skilled labor was in demand; and money was precious, for she had many mouths at home to fill. But she deliberately gave up other engage-ments and devoted one day each week to these needy neighbors, and when offered payment by interested ladies she refused to take it. "Sure and it's meself that wishes I could give more," she said. I wondered if any one else gave in her proportion. A well-known figure in a certain town is old Silas, the ash-man, much in request at house-cleaning times -a friend in need. A young woman, weighted with a worse than worthless husband and two or three little children. had passed through a long and distressing illness, and was slowly coming up to life again. Old Silas conceived the knightly desire of giving this woman a little pleasnre. He borrowed an old carriage, brushed off his bony, dusty horse, and dressed himself in his Surday suit, a costume the most striking feature of which was the unwonted white shirt with its conspicuous sleeves. Thus appointed, old Silas set out for his doughty deed, and took his drooping, faded lady for a long country It was an amusing spectacle, but, I think, as it passed through the streets, it called up tears and smiles. I have been touched by these things, I said. I have been instructed and rebuked, as I have seen among these little ones so much of the spirit of him whose life on earth shed a sacredness forever over poverty. It is not only among themselves that the poor show kindness. Their childlike hearts are quick to feel for us, their more fortunate neighbors. A little cluster of bright geraniums, the one cherished ornament of a certain poor little kitchen, was the choicest gift that came, among showers of delicacies of every description, to a lady's sick-bed recently. No Christmas gift even gave more pleasure than two holders made by a poor colored woman for one who had had the privilege of being kind to her. "Not for the kitchen," explained the giver, "they are for you to use yourself if ever you want to press out anything." And though the stitches were not dainty, and geometry was somewhat at fault in the curves, they were carefully reduced to the supposed proper siz*, and covered with silk, "to make em soft for your hand, you know." The same woman, who had been a famous cook in her day, bought, at no small expenditure of strength and means, the requisite materials, and made a notable loaf of cake for the doctor who had attended her through an illness. She came to borrow a "gilt edged plate" and a nice uspkin with which to serve up the present, and the doctor says he never took a richer fee. Is not this trait worth cultivating in the minds of the poor with whom we have to do? Send a flower with the bowl of broth some day, and see if it does not come back to you in some pleasant form after

The Day of Judgment.

many days. By example, by encourage-

ment and appreciation, we may help these

less fortunate friends of ours to one of the

most unfailing of pleasures-that of do-

ing little kindnesses .- Sophy Winthrop, in

Christian at Wo.k.

There is no set time, no appointed place. His handwriting is on every wall. His day of judgment dawns with each sunrise; sometimes we see it, sometimes we are blind. For every man, his day of of judgment comes when his vision is cleared to behold himself in the divine light. As we are social beings, to society must come also at some period his vindication or his inculpation. Never has the divine method of administering justice been more signally illustrated than in the story of Thomas Carlyle. He began life and closed it with a remarkable absorption in himself. So powerful was his self-love that it embraced his family and conferred dignity and worth upon all who were of his blood; while most persons not akin to himself he despised and rejected. Hebelieved his opinions so important as not only to warrant but demand for their promulgation a sacrifice of the amenities and obligations of life outside of his family circle. He fought a long and bitter fight and he conquered. The world at first ignored him, then ridiculed him, finally yielded and took him at his own valuation. Long before his death he was the "Sage of Chelsea," and a prophet without honor in his own country. But God is the only public opinion. The day of judgment came; came to Carlyle before he had gone from the world; came to the world while yet his name was at its brightest. There was no court, no arena, no array of criminal or scenic display before men and angels. All through his life, unknown to himself, without sound of trumpet or scratch of pen or intent of heart, his history was writing itself, his condemnation was silently keeping pace with his sin. By his side moved always a slight figure, the figure of a woman whom he loved. despised, trampled upon, lamented with unavailing tears; a woman who loved him, revered him, immolated herself to him, recorded him. Nothing was further from her thought than to judge him; but through her he is judged. The heart that held him highest brought him lowest. Many have sought to break his fall-in vain. We may quarrel with Froude, but the question is not now Froude's day of judgment; it is Carlyle's. It is not a mere literary judgment that is to be passed. Carlyle is a prophet of life. He was a teacher of men. He believed himself divinely commissioned. He proclaimed the gospel of common things. He enunciated principles for human prac-

tice. He launched invectives against stranger and friend for ignorance of what he knew, for indifference to what he preached. We have a right to judge him hy his works. A singular, an appalling fate has given us such an opportunity to judge as the centuries seldom offer. We know the Carlyles as we know few of our neigh bors. A ray of light has cloven their house in twain, and the world beholds a philosopher reviling his generation with his lips and despoiling his home with his life; nursing his own genius with unsparing vigor, repressing his wife's genius ness disables the mother of a family, how with unrelenting rigor.—Gail Hamilton, ready are the neighbors with such help as in North American.

"Smart Ministers."

People have different ideas as to what constitutes smartness in a minister. A boy was once telling me how smart his minister was. He said that one day he saw him coming across the fields, and that when he came to a stone wall "he jumped right over it." Another regarded his minister smart because of his physical energy, having "smashed a pulpit and several Bibles" in a short space of time. Some are smart because they possess the faculty of making the worse appear the better reason, and some because of their ability to preach a great sermon from a small text, as "But," and some because they have a voice to make the "old meet-ing house ring" like thunder. As some were once praising the sermon of a minister of this class, to whom they had just listened, Dr. Todd remarked: "To some the Lord has given lungs, and to some brains." As for ourselves, we do not fan-cy the term "smart" as applied to ministers. We should regard it as inappropriate as applied to some of the best minis ters, living and dead, that have blessed the world. Such ministers were Paul, and Edwards, and Whitfield, and Griffin, and Payson, and such ministers are Sourgeon, and R. S. Storrs, and John Hall. We prefer to have ministers of this class characterized as "able ministers," or "godly," or "useful," or "sound and faithful." When we hear a minister characterized as "smart," we sometimes think that were the devil to be transformed into an angel of light, as we are told that he sometimes is, and to occupy a pulpit, he would be regarded as the smartest of all. Muny that should listen to him would go away enthusiastic over his smartness. He seems thus to have usurped some pulpits. And his smartness appears in his success in prevailing upon his hearers to adopt false doctrine, and in ruining souls. The more ability a minister has the better. But his ability should be sanctified and consecrated. He should lay all his talents at the feet of the great Head of the church, and employ them in building up his kingdom, and in saving the souls for whom he died. We have known of some ministers of ordinary talents, who have been much more useful than some who were eminent for their smartness. Such ministers were Dr. Alvan Hyde, and both the Hallocks, Moses and Jeremiah. The Lord raise up many other such .- New York Observer.

Don't Let Worry Kill You.

As I go and come between these two vast cities linked together by the bridge, whore grandeur grows on one the oftener he crosses it, I am more and more struck with the expression of anxiety that most faces wear. Dickens said, slanderously, perhaps, that it was the habitual and distinctive mark of the American people. Well, now-why do we worry? Our so licitude is generally over things that never in fact disturb us. We facey we are coming to want, when in truth we are in comfortable circumstances; or that our business may go down, when it is all the time increasing; or that somebody is not thinking so well of us as he ought, when ll of us as he oug positively it does not matter an iota what he thinks; or that the child may get sick and die when it has a slight cold; or that we shall fail in our plans because of imperfect strength, forgetting that our only right way is to do what in us lies, and eave the rest to a Higher Power. And all these thing eat up our vitality, rendering us fr-tful, prematurely old and miserable. The Earl of Derby used to say, It is not work that kills, but the worry est we shall not be able to get through Sometimes I think it would be well for us to imitate the example of Goethe's clear-headed and cheerful mother " who always begged her family and friends to hide from her every coming appearance of misfortue, and only to mention that which was past and had to be inevitably supported." She could endure actual hardship better than the suspense and anxiety of dreading its coming; and her son, the foremost poet of Germany, was like her. Prophets of evil were the hideous company which he studiously avoided. He thought it was time enough to worry when he got into straits; or, as Abraham Lincoln admirably express It's no us to attempt to cross a bridge till we come to it." Thousands are crossing imaginary bridges, and dreaming of its going down with a crash while they are on it, with the horrid abyss beneath. Do the duty and live up to the privilege of the present hour, and above all do not worry-indeed, as the Master said, "take no thought for the morrow."-The Talker, in Christian at Work.

A Bad Sigu.

There are few more certain evidences of the deterioration of a man's moral nature than the increasing tolerance with which he riews low standards of conduct, as held by others in that sphere of society in which his lot is cast. Honesty naturally revolts from dishonesty, purity from impurity, virtue from vice, and although goodness and mercy are tolerant of the sinner as a person, they are never tolerant of the sin. That world-wear which brings a man to look contentedly, or even with pleasure, upon forms of evil in others which before would at once have roused within him the feeling of indignation at the wrong and of pity for the offender, is very far from being a thing to be proud of; for it reveals a wrongful acceptance of things as they are, and a growing disbelief in man and in the redeeming power of Him who has made man. There are many hateful things in the conventionalisms which rule in human society; but there is none which is more hateful than that which accepts evil as necessary evil, and is willing to make the best (or the worst) of it as it is. What can be said of the moral worth of a community in which it can still be a matter of question whether virts e or honesty is a possibility? And, above all, what can be said of a Christian who repeats approvingly the cynical ques-tion of the profligate? To be so tolerant of evil that contact with it evokes no feeling of antagonism, is a sure evidence of moral and spiritual danger; to be so tolerant of it as to believe that little but evil exists, or is to be looked for, is a certain sign of accomplished moral degrada-tion.—Sunday School Times.

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Sold by all druggists. Curicuaa. 50 cents; Resolvent, \$1; SOAP, 25 cents. POTTER DECG AND CHEMICAL CO.

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For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarth, from a simple II ad Cod of Influer as to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Gough, Bronchitts, and Includent Concumption, Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is replit, radical, permanent and never felling.

One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarthal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, sill in one package, forming a committee treatment, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for RANFORD's RADICAL CURE. FOTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL 10, Boston.



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(Continued fromwast week.)

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This god? case, No. 6666, known as the James ResGold Watch Case, came into my presented about 1878
has been in use since that time, and is still in good
condition. The movement is the one which was in the
case when I bought it, and it condition shows the
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The Hireside.

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Rides like a bird the roughest wave, O happy outward bound! O blessed homeward bound ! With sattered sail That many a gale
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-Clara B. Troubridge.

Miss Ritter's Question. Miss Ritter is the school-teacher at

"The Corners," and boards at different places in the district. She was in to see me the other day, and, somehow, the sub-ject drifted on to self-denial. After a few minutes of silent thought, Miss Ritter, said:
"There are two kinds of self-sacrifice

I've been reading Jane Carlyle's letters, and do you know I think that woman committed a sin in commencing such a ife of self-abnegation with her band. She cught to have denied her-self from the first the pl-asure of sac-rificing herself for her husband. But what grieves me most is to think there are to-day, and right among us, many another Jane Carlyle in the ing of lonely, unloved lives, and, like her, looking forward to the grave for peace and rest. Why, I'd rather be an unloved old maid to the end of my life, than to love and have my love turned to ashes while my husband was living, as it didlin the heart of Mrs. Carlyle, and as it is doing in the hearts of other wives marired to selfish men. To be married to a man, and to be parted as wide as eternity before he dies, and yet walk slongside in this world, is the most pitiful

life I can imagine. "There is Mrs. Smith, who died in Oregon last year. Before they moved out West I used to stay there a great deal. I remember one evening her busband came in to supper something after this manner : Walking through the entry he brought his hat and cost and threw them on the lounge in the dining-room, and walked on out into the kitchen, where his wife was working, saying:

"'What! supper not ready yet?'
"'It is half an hour earlier than usual,

replied his wife.

" That don't make any difference. It is time it ought to be ready. It is always this way, no matter when I come.'

"Mrs. Smith made no reply; but I sat where I could see her face, and an expression of pain passed over it, as if she had

"Mr. Smith knew she had been up several times with the baby the night be-fore, and had awakened in the morning with a headache, and, to use her own expression, had felt so miserable she could hardly drag one foot after the other, but had done her usual Monday's washing and picking up of papers and books scattered over the house the day before.

"'Seems to me I never find my meals ready,' continued the man, not noticing or not caring about the tired look on the face of his wife. All you have to do is just to see to things here in the house, while I have been tramping all over town in this hot sun. Everything has gone wrong to-day. Newton has gone back on his word, and I'll warrant I shall lose a

thousand dollars by him.' "After a short pause he continued:
"'Newton will not sell that land that warrant you told his wife; 'twould be just

like a woman." "For about a quarter of an hour Mr Smith poured this kind of 'oil and balm on the heart of his wife, until he felt his own annoyances less. After a few min utes' silence, he said, in a quick, harsh

" Do take that baby. He is enough to kill a nation, with his everlasting howl. I should think he'd get sick of the sound of his own voice.'

"' His teeth trouble him; can't you take him a few minutes, while I take the supper ?' and, with another sigh, Mrs Smith placed the youngest of seven children in his father's arms, while I thought, How glad that woman must be that she has four of her children safe in heaven. I do hope they can't look down on their mother's agony at these times when their father enters the house.

"' Come, now, hush your crying,' said the thoughtless—no, heartless father. 'What is the use in whining? It does no earthly good.' The little one-year-old man ceased his pitiful cry, as he rested in his father's strong arms, but the one forty years old commenced again his tirade:

"'That stock I bought at Vernon's shall lose on. Never should have bought it if you had not persuaded me to do it. That is all a man ever makes by listening to a woman.'

". Why, Edward, I did not "persuade When you first spoke of it I thought it did not seem for the best, but at last I said, "Do as you think right about it." That was all I said.'

"He was silent a minute, and his boy about twelve raised his head from his book, and gave his father anything but a look of reverence, and, going to his mother, took the pitcher from her hand, saying, I can go after the cream, mother.'

"I blessed that boy for his gentle thoughtfulness, although I saw his mother wipe a tear from her face with a corner of her apron.

"I presume you think I have exaggerated Mr. Smith's language," said Miss Ritter, "but I have not. He often spoke in this way to his wife, and he is not the only man who does this. They vary their language according to the degree of refinement possessed, but the best of men are essentially coarse and selfish, at times, with their wives. I remember the first time I ever heard a man blame a woman. My father was a Christian gentleman and men in my eyes then were gods.

"I was quite young, and went with my parents to visit friends of the tamily who had met with a great loss of property. "The gentleman, after giving an ac-count of the transaction, said: 'If it had not been for my wife I should not

have met with the loss; she urged me to invest my money there. "'Why, I thought you talked about

that investment before you were married ?' said my father.
"' So I did,' the man replied; 'but did

thing.'
"I used to think that all your acts were just right, said the wife, sharply. "When we were going home, father said, God pity the wife of a man who

lays blame on her shoulders, instead of

shielding her; it is so contemptible for the strong to oppress the weak."
"I wonder if I have been unfortunate in my acquaintances," said Miss Ritter, when she waited in vain for me to reply to her remarks. "I felt when I was reading poor Jane Carlyle's letters that her life, so full of weariness, pain and heartache, was not so very unlike that of the average women I know. I've always thought that the wives commenced their married life wrong, and are somewhat to blame for the selfishness of their husblame for the selfishness of their hus-bands, and, therefore, for their own un-happiness. It is a woman's delight to sacrifice for those she loves, and, when first married, they all lay themselves on the altar of their love. Run for the slippers, the glass of water, the papers; offer the best chair, the best place by the fire and by the light. Break the back to broil chicken because he' likes it better than roast. They roast likes it better than roast. They roast themselves because 'he' likes warm rooms in winter, and freeze the rest of the year because 'he' likes open windows. Cling to the carriage as he drives at break-neck pace, and smile as they hold their breath when 'he' asks if 'tisn't jolly?

" After a time ' he ' forgets to thank his wife for her acts of self-denial, and begins

to take these things as his right. "If the wife asks for a horse she can drive, he opens his eyes and informs her that he 'hates a slow-coach.' If the wind from the open window gives her neuralgia, he is surprised that she can't endure a breath of air. If she dares to take the most comfortable chair in the room, he has such a faculty of making her feel that he is a martyr that she soon relinquishes it. "I do hope not many women like Jane Carlyle commend, at the first, their busbands for not being like 'weak, amiable men, who put themselves out for other people's comfort,' but many a woman has confirmed her husband just as surely in his selfish ways, by her actions, as she could have done by words.

"Even though women like to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their husbands' comfort, when they realize what it will help the husbands become, is it not their duly to sometimes deny themselves, that their husbands may learn the more blessed way of self-sacrifice? If women have found that self-devial is the most blessed of all virtues, is it not wives' duty to give the husband an opportunity to sometim practice this saintly trait?

"If it is more blessed to give pleasure than to receive favors, is it not wrong for the wife to deny her husband the chance of this greatest of blessings?

"Of course I am not expected to know, but I would like to ask, if it really is not the duty of the wife to teach her husband, or, at least, allow him to practice, selfsacrifice ?"

I send Miss Ritter's question for wives to answer.—Mrs. C. F. Wilder, in Chris-

Moral Influence of Good Cooking.

Some people may be inclined to smile at what I am about to say, viz., that such savory dishes, serving to vary the monotony of the poor hard-working man's ordi-nary fare, afford considerable moral as well as physical advantage. An instruc-tive experience of my own will illustrate this. When wandering alone through Norway in 1856, I lost the track in cross-ing the Kyolen fjeld, struggled on for twenty-three hours without food or rest, and arrived in sorry plight at Lom, a very wild region. After a few hours' rest I pushed on to a still wilder region and still rougher quarters, and continued thus to the great Jostedal table-land, an unbroken glacier of five hundred square miles; then descended the Jost-dal itself to its opening on the Sogne joins my section. He must have learned that the railroad was going that way. I'll with no other food than flatbrod (very coarse oatcake, with the luxury of two raw turning. Then I reached a comparatively luxurious station (Ronnei), where ham and eggs and claret were obtainable. The first glass of claret produced an effect that alarmed me-a craving for more and for stronger drink, that was almost irresisti-I finished a bott e of St. Julien, and nothing but a violent effort of will prevented me from then ordering brandy. I attribute this to the exhaustion conse quent upon the excessive work and insufficient unsavory food of the previous five days; have made many subsequent observations on the victims of alcohol, and have no doubt that overwork and scanty, tasteless food are the primary source of the craving for strong drink that so largely prevails with such deplorable results among the class that is the most exposed to such privation. I do not say that this is the only source of such depraved appetite. It may also be engendered by the opposite extreme of excessive luxurious pandering to general sensuality. The practical inference suggested by this experience and these obserrations is, that speech-making, pledgesigning, and blue-ribbon missions can only effect temporary results, unless supplemented by satisfying the natural appetile of hungry people by supplies of food that is not only nutritious, but savory and varied. Such food need be no more expensive than that which is commonly eaten by the poorest of Englishmen, but it must be far better cooked .- Popular

Words Well Spoken.

Science Monthly.

Mr. Spurgeon, with characteristic plainess and vigor, said in a recent sermon, When a man gets to cutting down sin, paring down depravity and making little of future punishment, let him no longer preach to you. Some modern divines whittle away the gospel to the small end of nothing. They make our divine Lord to be a sort of blessed nobody; they bring down salvation to mere salvability, make certainties into probabilities, and treat verities as mere opinions. When you see preacher making the go pel small by legrees and miserably less, till there is not enough of it left to make soup for a sick grasshopper, get you gone. As for me, I believe in the colossai; a need deep as hell and grace as high as heaven. believe in a pit that is bottomless and a heaven that is topless. I believe in an infinite God and an infinite atonement, infinite love and mercy: an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, of which the substance and the reality is an infinite Christ.

Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small, and the laughter abundant .- Washington Irving.

Ir is absurd to pretend that one can not make it until after we were married. not love the same woman always, as My wife thought it was just the right to pretend that a good artist needs several violins to execute a piece of mu-

> PLENTY of time is given us in life to do all that God intended we should do.